

VOX COLLEGI



May

1914

WHITBY

ONTARIO

GERTRUDE A. BRITNELL,
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Vox Collegii

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"Forsan et haec elim meminisse iuvabit."

VOL. XXX

WHITBY, MAY, 1914

No. 6

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Monsieur Reynard.

Monsieur Reynard appeared at the entrance of his domicile. Half in, half out, he poises in the act of making another step. He listens, first this, then that way, but the deep, the lofty, the omnipotent silence is all he hears, and he laughs to himself as he glides forth into the morning air. Sol streams down into the open glade before him and breaks into millions of sparkles of light, and his rays strike the pinnacles of frost that lay innumerable on their blanket of purest white. Behind him, in vast array, the rigid poplars stand, while rising with gentle ease, the graceful spruce reaches through her stiff-backed brothers, and bows in homage to His Majesty, King Voyageur of the Heavens.

Well might Monsieur Reynard laugh. What more can he have than that which the great Benefactor has lavished upon his ancestors for ages past, and now upon him; forest and lakes, rivers and plains, miles and miles and miles of them, and enriched by the greatest of all artisans, Nature? Bursting with the freedom and joy of it all, he utters a little trill of barks, and off he bounds across the glade, in

and out among the trees, almost a streak, so swiftly does he go. His velvety shoes make no sound as they touch for an instant in each descent the carpet which nature has spread for him. His frosted breath clings to the fur of his winter coat. What a coat! The fur stands out three, four, even five inches in places, and black, no reddish sheen there. But examine each hair separately, and a narrow bar of white is seen between the centre and the tip, but not at the tip. Monsieur has some cousins whose fur shows this bar of silver much wider, but Monsieur is of very fine stock, and his eyes glisten with pride as he looks over his shoulder at the soft bed of fur, ending in the white tip of the flowing tail. On his breast is a tiny white spot. Monsieur Refinard is a fine Silver Black.

The clouds of mist scurry across a leaden sky. A bleak south-easter comes creeping in from the bay below. In the distance the fog-horn howls forth its gruesome warning. Monsieur Reynard? Monsieur Reynard? Surely not that Monsieur Reynard we greeted on the crisp January morning

five years ago, in the solitudes of the North-West Hinterland ! Yes, the very same. Listen to a story, a true one !

In the year 1887, two years after the Canadian Pacific Railway had connected the east with the west, and so opened the way to the future granary of the world, in the little town of Tignish, Prince Edward Island, there was started another movement, which, not at all compared in magnitude to the first, yet is also taking a place in the world and has already involved millions of capital. Charles Dalson, with one pair of red and one pair of silver foxes, began in an experimental way the industry of Fox Farming or Fox Ranching. In a few years the receipts from the sale of the fox pelts were becoming so large that it was impossible to keep secret any longer an industry that paid such gratifying dividends. Enterprising neighbors soon had ranches under way, and so the movement spread, until to-day it has become almost a mania. People mortgaged and are mortgaging their farms, their houses, their all, in order to get money to buy shares in a fox company. Between the year 1900 and the present, the price of foxes has risen from 3 thousand to 15 thousand dollars a pair, and in two or three cases forty and forty-five thousand dollars has been paid for particularly choice stock. The sale of fur stopped. It was impossible to supply the demand for live foxes. Wild foxes are imported, and as the demand increased, it was necessary to go farther and farther afield. During the past two years hundreds of foxes were brought in from the great North-West, and this started a new era in fox farming. In spite of all the Islanders can do to disparage him and thus keep their own stock to the forefront, the Western Fox, or more properly the MacKenzie Basin Fox, is rapidly gaining popularity among the fox ranchers. Of splendid physique, a third larger than the Eastern fox, he bids fair to replace the Island stock.

Among the captives to arrive from the West one day, weary from the long journey in a small stuffy box, half-starved and broken-hearted, was our old friend Monsieur Reynard.

Thus is told the story in a small way of an industry which has made Prince Edward Island famous and which has changed the life of Monsieur Reynard from one of happy and unbounded freedom to one of painful and endless captivity.

Monsieur has now submitted to the inevitable with a patience which is beautiful to behold. It was not always so. The first days of his captivity were spent in ceaseless effort to effect his escape. Again and again he climbed the full height of the ten foot wire fencing only to find his escape barred by a three-foot overhang. He tried to cut his way through with those powerful keen-edged teeth, but in vain. Digging was his next resource, but this too failed. Starting close up against the fence he followed the wire down three feet and here he found it turned in to form a carpet wire—only three feet, but how could Monsieur know that ? So, in despair, he gave up the hope of ever returning to that home in the far Northland. But some morning, not so far distant now, a dark form will be found stretched out stark and stiff near the corner of the 30 x 40 foot enclosure where Monsieur Reynard is spending the days of his captivity. But Monsieur will not be within. He will have gone to the Happy Hunting Ground.

Monsieur Reynard could tell you some interesting stories : how he played and fought with his brothers and sisters during his puppy days among the sand hills where he was born ; how a vicious wolf snatched up one of his brothers one day and carried him off, and nearly got him the next ; and so on, to that disastrous day when he put his foot into the cruel steel trap—why was he not more careful?—and the greasy Chipewyan Indian came, took him away and sold him to the white man ; of his travels by pack-horse,

canoe, and finally on those awful cars. But that wretched South-Easter has benumbed me through and through, so

if you have said good-bye to Monsieur Reynard, then allons.

The "Graduation" Essay.

One glorious afternoon in May, a young girl was sitting in the library of an old-fashioned city home. Everything around her showed that it was a home of wealth and culture. The books were of the best; the furniture the most expensive. She was seated near a large window, that overlooked the fashionable avenue on which the home was situated. On her lap was an open book, but her large grey eyes were not fixed on its pages, they were gazing far away through the open window. Her refined young face was troubled, and this was unusual, for Elsie Fairbanks was usually very happy.

Elsie was a Senior at Glen Eden, a school for girls, and the next day was the day on which the "graduation" essay was to be handed to Miss Brooks. This essay was always called the "graduation" essay because on Graduation Day a gold medal was to be given for the best. The prize, according to the speculations of the girls, lay between Elsie Fairbanks and Lillian Newgate. Lillian was a stranger to most of the girls at Glen Eden, although she had been with them almost a year. Little was known of her family, but rumor had it that she lived in a little cottage on the outskirts of the city, with her widowed mother and a crippled sister.

The day before Mr. Fairbanks had given Elsie a book containing a great deal of useful information for her essay, and it was this book which lay unheeded on her lap. She knew that if she wrote the essay without the aid of the book, as she should do, the prize would, in all probability, go to Lillian, who was really the cleverer girl.

"Why shouldn't I use this material,"

she argued with herself. "No one said that we should not use this particular book. All Miss Brooks said was that it was to be purely our own. If I copy a paragraph or two who will be any the wiser?"

Suddenly, there came into her vision a pale-faced young girl and care-worn looking woman of perhaps fifty years of age. They were walking slowly down the street, the woman leaning on the young girl's arm. Elsie looked at them —how like Lillian Newgate that girl was. Yes, it was Lillian, but what was she doing in this part of the town. She guessed that the woman must be Mrs. Newgate, as the resemblance between her and Lillian was very marked. They were talking very earnestly and as they came opposite the open window, Elsie could not but hear a little of the conversation.

"Jean would like it so much, dear," the frail little woman was saying. Elsie wondered who Jean was and what would please her.

"Yes, I know, mother, but I'm afraid the medal will go to Elsie Fairbanks, the girl I spoke of last evening. She will get it. She gets everything she wants, and she wants the medal and she will get it."

A troubled expression crossed the mother's face as she answered her daughter, but Elsie did not hear her. They had gone.

Elsie Fairbanks sat back in her comfortable chair and thought and—thought. She would let this girl, of whom she knew practically nothing, get the medal; she would hand in the essay she had written the week before, which she knew could not possibly carry off the prize. But, then, on second thought, why should she give up her only chance of procuring something

for which all the school would envy her.

"I won't give it up," and she stamped her foot. "Why, just think, uncle Jack, and Aunt Helen are coming for Graduation Day, and how nice to get a medal when they are here. Besides, all the girls want me to get it. I have so many friends going to be there, and she'll probably not have any."

Then she remembered the expression on Mrs. Newgate's face as she said, "Jean would like it so much, dear." Who was Jean? Elsie wondered if she was the little crippled sister they had heard about. Yes, Lillian would have a friend there. Her frail little mother would surely be there, but what need Elsie care whether she was disappointed or not.

All the rest of the afternoon Elsie could hear Mrs. Newgate's tired voice, and when evening came she decided to leave her essay the way it was until morning. If she should decide to copy the paragraphs out of the book she could do it before school. She fell asleep with Mrs. Newgate's words in her ear, "Jean would like it so much, dear," and she awoke with the same tired face before her. She was resolved. Jean would be made happy.

It was Graduation Day, two weeks later. The assembly hall was crowded with stylishly dressed visitors. On the large platform were seated many of the prominent men of the city. The chairman arose :

"A few weeks ago," he began, "each of the girls of the senior class wrote an essay for Miss Brooks with the un-

derstanding that a gold medal was to be given to the young lady contributing the best essay, and now we have come to the presentation of that medal."

There was dead silence in the hall. The eyes of all the girls were turned on Elsie Fairbanks, for it was she, they were sure, would be the fortunate one.

"We will ask the winner of the medal, Miss Lillian Newgate, to come to the platform, please."

Then followed such applause as the school had seldom before experienced. The only persons who did not join in this applause was the winner and her mother, who sat in the corner near the door. But the latter's face was flushed and full of pride as her daughter walked slowly to the front and received her prize.

After the presentation Elsie made her way to Mrs. Newgate and Lillian.

"Congratulations, dear," and she pressed a kiss on the pale forehead. "I knew you'd win. Is this your mother?"

Elsie went home determined to know more of her class-mate and her mother and sister, for in her conversation that afternoon she had learned that Jean was the little crippled sister of whom she had heard. She fell asleep that night a happier girl than she had been for years, for she was experiencing that great happiness which comes to the one who has succeeded in making someone less fortunate than oneself, happy.

MARY VALENTINE.

The Development of Silas Marner's Character.

Our first view of Silas shows him to us fifteen years after a momentous event which changed his whole life. He was charged with theft and condemned by everyone. He had lived peacefully and worked hard in his native place, was incorporated in a narrow religious sect, and was highly thought of in the

community of Lantern Yard. A peculiar interest had been centered in him ever since, in a prayer-meeting he had fallen into a cataleptic fit, which they believed to be a spiritual trance, Silas had a very dear friend whom he trusted and loved as he did himself, and it was this person who had be-

trayed him. When this awful truth came to him ; when his affianced wife broke their engagement ; and when God allowed the lots to declare him guilty, he lost faith in both God and man ; his whole nature was shaken, and he became a different being. Leaving his old life, he exiled himself in the outskirts of a small, obscure town, far from his former life. Nothing could be more unlike his native town than the low, wooded region to which he had tried to escape from the torturing memories. Though his life had been narrow and meagre of many of the things the world calls pleasure, yet it had made of him a loving, trusting, and simple-minded man, happy in his daily toil, and content with his lot. Even in a greater person, how bitter must have been the result of being, in a few hours, derived of the very core and strength of his life ! Silas' most trusted friends has turned out his enemies, and he had been branded as a thief before the world.

Alone in his little hut in the woods of Raveloe, he worked steadily at his weaving, striving always to bury his past, and shrinking from human companionship. His work could not but bring its reward, and gradually, as he had before of necessity, now from habit, economized, he soon began to have a store of money, and as the pile grew and grew, so grew in him a delight for it, and a miser's longing to gather more and more of the beautiful golden friends. They could not deceive him, and as he never before had enough for his golden coins to be a reminder of the past, they became dearer and dearer to him until at last his whole thought centered upon the money and the getting of more. His only enjoyment was when, alone and secure, he sifted the gold shower between his fingers, revelling in his possession.

One day, fifteen years after he had come to Raveloe, when our story opens, he came home from selling his cloth and taking his orders as usual,

and hurrying through his scanty meal to the sooner have his gold before him, he went to its hiding place under a loose board in the floor, and found the place empty. Amazement and utter helplessness took possession of him. Was he to suffer another calamity ? So he rushed out, told his pitiful story to the villagers, begged their assistance and relied upon them entirely.

He had no thought for his work and no stimulant now ; his mind was a blank ; he was intensely lonely ; the same things were around him, and yet they seemed strange ; and as he sat weaving he every now and then moaned low, it was a sign his thoughts had come round again to the empty even-time.

The neighbors were sincere in their sympathy, and as they came daily to bring some offering of bread or cake, or, with their advice, Silas drifted back into companionship with them—the lost money afforded such a large topic for conversation, and as it had gone without and must necessarily return from without, with eager interest Silas welcomed the villagers and listened patiently to the many long-winded theories regarding the stolen money.

Some weeks after the disappearance of the money, the bright fire shining through the open door having lured it in, a small child of two or three years wandered into his cabin. Its mother was lying frozen a few yards away.

Silas, entering a little later, saw a golden mass of light lying on his hearth rug, and springing forward, his first thought was that his gold had been restored to him, but upon touching it, it felt soft and warm through his fingers—not like his hard cold coins. In utter amazement he fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel. Could this be his little sister ? Vague memories of far-off scenes, old quiverings of tenderness, which, George Elliott tells us, were like old friendships impossible to revive, thronged through him.

The child's first awakening cry brought from him soothing gentleness, and he became so absorbed in the child's welfare that he forgot everything else. He could not bear to part with it, for to him it seemed as though the child had come to replace the money. The gold had kept his thoughts in an ever-repeated circle, leading to nothing beyond itself, but Eppie, as the child was called, reawakened his senses with her fresh life. Its well-being and comfort were his supreme care, and because he thought it best for her (the neighbors told him so) he sent her to school, went with her to church, took the advice of people whom he now had for friends, and in numberless ways she created fresh links between his life and the lives from which he had bitterly shrunk continually into narrower isolation. In short, the little bunch of animation broadened him almost beyond conception.

By seeking what was needful for Eppie, by sharing the effect that everything produced upon her, he had

come to appropriate the forms of custom and belief which were the mould of Raveloe life, and so, memory awakened, he pondered over the elements of his old faith, blended them with his new impressions till he recovered a consciousness of unity between his past and present. The sense of presiding goodness, and the human trust which had come gradually through Eppie, gave him a dim impression that there had been some error, some mistake, which had thrown some shadow over his best years, and when his money was found he paid a visit to the old site of Lantern Yard to learn if his name had ever been cleared, and the real thief caught. But Lantern Yard was a thing of the past, everything was changed, and in its place stood a large factory. Disappointed, Silas returned home, but, as he said to Dolly (his constant advisor), "Ever since the child was sent to me, I've had light enough to trusten by, and now she says she'll never leave me, I think I shall trusten till I die."

GERTRUDE RELYE.

A Pome.

I will not sing a song of spring,
For that is what all poets sing,
I will not sing of woodland hills,
Of shady groves, of rippling rills
Which, flowing 'tween violet studded
shores,
Or rushing o'er steep cataracts roars
Its way down through the new plowed
fields
Where, upturned, the sweet brown
earth reveals

Its secret to all those who seek
To find out how from week to week
The seed becomes a blade, a flower,
And grows more wonderful each hour.
I will not sing of sunset's hues,
Of leafy green, of heaven's blues,
Of crocuses or daffodils
Of new spring suits or milliner's bills.
But if I do not sing of spring
What is there left for me to sing ?

MARION WILLIAMS.

O. L. C. in 1970.

After traveling a short time by the most delightful and rapid means of transit, that of the airship, I found myself at the air station of the Ontario Ladies College, Whitby. This landing place was known in former

times as the "rooftop" (battlements) and on windy nights it was a favorite place for those who found excitement lacking on the lower floors.

When I attended some fifty years ago we were met at the railway station by

a rattledy, yellow conveyance called a 'bus, and were first bumped all over town. Sometimes the girls took the "little train" drawn by a puffing steam engine, but how much more enjoyable are the birdlike movements of an aeroplane?

Oh! the changes and improvements I beheld on entering my beloved Alma Mater.

Upper Main, no longer a bedlam of excruciating sound, reigns in peace and quietness owing to the sound-proof practice rooms, fitted with electric bulbs, which never "burn out."

But what interested me most was the small wireless machine in each room enabling the girls to hear from home each day, and therefore causing no delay in receiving money for blue bills and examination fees. I well remember the breathless suspense when the mail was brought to the table with the dessert, and also the disappointment when, because of the inclemency of the weather or other reasons, Mr. Greenwood was unable to get the afternoon mail.

Wandering down Francis Hall I was delighted to find No. 15 converted into a cozy, home-like sitting room for the girls, where they might toast marshmallows and pop corn at the grate fire. Upper Ryerson, which is still considered to be the most lively and entertaining hall in the school, is also favored with one.

I peeped into a room on Lower Ry-

erson, and lo! Spacious wardrobes are provided and also cold storage cupboards (mouse proof) for holding expresses sent by fond and indulgent parents by the new "tube" express system.

The Lower Infirmary rooms are occupied by the Lady Principal, the Registrar and the Domestic Science teacher, for that part of the building has always been an excellent place for sighting mysterious objects floating around the back premises after nightfall.

Possibly in the dining hall the greatest change may be observed. The respected and beloved Principal no longer needs to reprimand the students for the noise at meal time, since noiseless dishes have been invented. Sad to relate "oysters" have gone out of style, the voices and manners of those attending are so nearly perfect that the regular Monday night lectures have long since been discontinued.

According to the teachers, O. L. C must be an ideal place, for the girls so strictly observe the bells that no one is required to stand guard at No. 7 after third warning. And as for pow-wows, not a whisper of one has been heard for fully a quarter of a century, which certainly points to a vast improvement in the condition of the college world.

But with all these changes I am glad I attended O.L.C. in 1914.

GRACE HAIG.

Dedicated to My Room-mate.

Most poets sing of beauteous dawn,
the glorious break of day,
List to my song of early morn, it is a
different lay,
When our alarm clock trills his song,
"Arise, sweet child, arise,"
My heart is filled with sorrow as I
rub my sleepy eyes.
No rosy tinted sky I see, 'tis gray
and damp and cold,
Nor do I notice in the east faint
streaks of flame and gold.
I do not throw my casement wide to
gaze on heaven's blue,

Instead I notice that I've lost three
buttons from one shoe.
The glory of the air may be a fine
thing for the race,
But I am busy powdering my shining
morning face.
The birds that sing sweet melodies no
doubt do very well,
I dare not lark in song for fear I'll
miss the breakfast bell.
My ode is almost ended, but one thing
more I'll state,
The folks who write the sunrise songs
are those who sleep till late.

E. SMYTHE.

Vox Collegii

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Editorial.

"It was a pleasure to live on that bright and happy May morning."

We trust our readers will forgive the slimness of the May number, as we are putting all our efforts and energy into making the June Vox the success of the year. It promises to be highly attractive and filled with interest from cover to cover, with good articles, college snap, and artistic cuts; there will also be the account of the May Day celebrations, and pictures of the crowning of the May Queen. Its special feature, however, will be the photos of the graduates, and the accounts of closing week. Look forward to the June Graduation number, and we promise you will not be disappointed.

There was a misprint in the last

number which should be explained and corrected. Prefacing the article, "A Poet of The Times," was a poem entitled "To Alfred Noyes," written by a student of Toronto University on the occasion of Mr. Noyes' coming to Toronto. The manner of printing led one to conclude that the poem was written by Mr. Noyes himself.

* * *

"PLAY THE GAME"

Some of us have very perverted ideas of what the qualities of a "good sport" are. How often have we heard a girl called a "poor sport" who will not go to a pow-wow, raid the pantry, frequent forbidden confectionary stores down town, or break college rules in general! Perhaps it hasn't occurred to us that the girl who does these things is taking the easier part. It takes no strength of character to be the kind of "sport" she prides herself on being. The term is, I think, misused in this connection. It is usually in referring to games we speak of good or poor sport. The word sport means—game, pastime or recreation, and those taking part in games should enter them for the sake of the pastime, the enjoyment and love of the sport, and the healthful exercise it affords—never for the glory of winning, or the prize the victory will bring. Play the game—play it clean, play your best, and if you lose—why lose well!

Ruskin, in "The Crown of Wild Olives," says that men who make the accumulation of wealth the whole object of their lives, or the winning of the prize the whole object of playing the game, are a class inferior in intellect and more or less cowardly. A

game should, above all else, teach self-control—in word—look and action. Let us remember this, girls, in our games of tennis and basket ball—play your best—fairly, patiently, cheerfully, and if you win, take victory well, and if defeated—be a good loser.

* * *

It has been said, "If each new spring does not bring us a deeper message, it is because we have been neglecting our inner life." Here, in our beautiful surroundings at O.L.C., in the country, where there is space, rolling fields and woods, we have a thousand opportu-

nities of receiving messages from nature and nature's God. But how blind we often are to these wonders—exquisite wonders of newly awakened spring! The very air breathes of hope, new life and promise. "Each bird from God a message brings to cheer the human heart," and the slowly unfolding leaves and flowers constantly remind us of the divine hand that controls the universe! This spring term will be the one to which we shall look back with the happiest memories, the "blue" times will be lost sight of in the memory of the last happy spring days.

Trafalgar Daughters

Mrs. W. J. H. Richardson (nee Fanny Bowes) who has been our active Treasurer since the inception of our Association, was "At Home" to the Daughters on Tuesday evening, May 12th. This charming hostess has done much to build up the Association, and we shall long remember the sisterly feeling of the Senior Daughters and those of 1914 as they enjoyed together the hospitality of Mrs. Richardson.

During the evening an art gallery contest was enjoyed. Sketches of noted folk were hung, and after choosing partners by means of a guessing contest, the guests named the sketches.

Mrs. S. S. Sharpe, Uxbridge, and Mrs. T. G. Whitfield won the gifts of the evening, which were presented by the hostess' little daughter, Helena. Mrs. Whitfield and Misses Gott, Dryden and Porte assisted in the refreshment room.

The floral decorations of Rosy Gem Antirrhinum was very beautiful. Among the guests we were pleased to

notice our beloved Hon.-President, Mrs. J. J. Hare.

A short business meeting of Trafalgar Daughters was held on May 12th. Those present included Mrs. Hare, Miss Taylor, Mesdames Richardson, Ross, Holliday, Jackson, Whitfield, Starr, Homuth; Misses Gott, Wright, Weir, O'Brien, Gillies, Harper, Harvey, Annes, Newton, Fothergill, Newport, the graduates and others.

Notice of motion re articles of constitution to be considered at the June meeting were read. The annual election of officers followed. The roll was called, and tellers appointed. The election returns resulted as follows:

Hon.-Pres.—Mrs. J. J. Hare.

President—Miss Taylor.

Hon. Vice-Presidents—Mrs. W. J. H. Richardson, Mrs. Jackson.

Active 1st Vice-Pres.—Miss Kate Wright.

Active 2nd Vice-Pres.—Miss Donaldson.

Active 3rd Vice-Pres.—Miss Cormack.

Rec.-Secretary—Mrs. Geo. Ross.
Cor. Sec'y.—Mrs. T. G. Whitfield.
Treasurer—Mrs. W. Holliday.
Press Supt.—Mrs. E. E. Starr.

We had the pleasure of a visit from Mrs. S. S. Sharpe (nee Mabel Crosby wife of Samuel S. Sharpe, M. P., at our May meeting. Mrs. Sharpe hopes to keep in closer touch with the Association during the coming year.

We regret that our worthy minister of finance declined re-election. Her

place in June. Both were students at Harvard.

We would draw the attention of our Corresponding Secretary to the fact that Mrs. (Rev.) M. E. Wilson, (nee Frank Chisholm) will change her address this June. As this is moving year for Mr. Wilson, we are hoping to see Mrs. Wilson at O.L.C. for Commencement.

The Press Superintendent of Trafalgar Daughters for the coming year is well known to those of earlier student



very capable effort has done much to bring our treasury to its present creditable position. We extend to her our appreciation of her faithful services, while we bespeak for her successor the support of all the Daughters.

The engagement is announced of Miss Berenice Wright, Elgin, Ill., ex-teacher of O.L.C., to Mr. Lewis, of Duluth, Minn, the marriage to take

days. Mrs. E. Edmund Starr, (nee Ida Powell). To those of the later years it may be of interest to know that Mrs. Starr is a daughter of one of the founders of the Ontario Ladies' College, and has always been interested in her Alma Mater. She is no novice in the department of Press work, having published several leaflets on various lines of public education work. The

Montreal Press has had several articles from her pen, and also numerous organization journals.

The Trafalgar pages should be newsy and interesting under her able management, and no doubt the students, both past and present, will find this column a medium through which to keep in touch with those of College days.

Last month Bessie Clark became Mrs. Phillips, and is living eight miles north of Brampton.

Anita Putnam is to be married in June.

Miss Stella Howden Eckert, daughter of Mr. W. D. Eckert, of London, Ontario, and Mr. Robinson T. Orr. Marriage 9th June.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Grass, of Brooklin, announce the engagement of their daughter, Jennie Irene, to Mr. J. Gordon Hall, Brampton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas W. Hall, Brooklin. The marriage will take place in June.

(Further notes on page 22)

Y. W. C. A.—

The Y. W. C. A. meetings have been very interesting and well attended since Easter. The meetings held on May 3rd and May 10th, were in charge of mission study classes. Muriel Cook and Bessie Richmond told us of some interesting facts which they had learned from the study of "The Black Bearded Barbarian." Helen Goforth and Claribel Hicks spoke on "Strangers Within Our Gates," and how we as Canadians can help in this the greatest of Canada's problems. April 23rd, Miss Olive Holliday gave a helpful talk on "The Christian Life." The meeting on May 14th, was in charge of Lillian Follick, who took as her subject "Selfishness." May 7th, Alice Butler gave a paper on the text, "Judge not that ye be not judged." Sunday, May 17th, Mrs. Dr. Hare gave us one of her helpful talks.

The Summer Conference of the Missionary Education Movement, to be held at Regina College, July 14th to 21st, promises to be extremely interesting. A student section will be conducted under the auspices of the Dominion Council of the Y. W. C. A.'s of Canada, and under the direction of Miss Mabel C. Jamieson, National Student Secretary of the Y. W. C. A. Able speakers of the Missionary Edu-

cation Movement will address the Conference. Besides these there will be present several returned missionaries. It is hoped that several of the speakers from the Y. M. C. A. Conference, held at Lumsden Beach, Sask., may be secured.

The Sixth Annual Summer Conference of the Y. W. C. A.'s of Canada, will be held at Elgin House, Lake Joseph, from June 23rd to July 3rd. These two days will be days never to be forgotten by those privileged to enjoy them.

Four Bible Classes will be held each morning under the following leaders: Professor Gilmour, of McMaster University, a class for students using Oldham's "Studies on the Teachings of Jesus." The Rev. C. Sykes, Toronto, using Wright's "The Will of God and a Man's Life Work." The Rev. Norman McLeod, S. Anne de Bellevue, working on Bosworth's New Studies of the Acts. The leader of the fourth class is as yet unknown. The book to be studied is Kent-Smith's "Work and Teachings of the Earlier Prophets."

The four Mission Study courses will be. "The Emergency in China," led by Dr. Murdock MacKenzie. "India Awakening," led by Rev. Harry Stillwell. "The Reproach of Islam," led

by Mrs. Pratt. "Home Missions," led by Rev. J. S. Woodworth.

The evening meetings will be addressed by special speakers, among them: Miss Elizabeth Hughes, Miss Caroline MacDonald, National Secretary of Japan, who will, it is hoped, be present, an Oriental student and representatives of the Student Volunteer Movement.

All kinds of delightful amusements—picnics, boating, bathing, games, etc., are arranged for the afternoon.

MURIEL H. FREEMAN.

"JUDGE NOT."

In selecting my topic for to-night I felt that there was nothing we all needed more than to try and understand more clearly what Christ really meant when He spoke these words:—"Judge not that ye be not Judged."

Our lives are all lived in different atmospheres and surroundings, and accordingly our minds are taught to distinguish between right and wrong.

The life of our neighbor has been warped and enbittered, perhaps through someone failing to see the opportunity to help him. Consequently from his distorted mental vision, an act which would seem inhumanly cruel to us, would be to him merely what the circumstances of everyday life brought to his lot, and to him the injustice or cruelty of his act would be as nothing.

The hurt, crushed lives of those we see around us—perhaps wrecked by a bitter word—should be a lesson to us, should teach us that our judgment, puny, unkind, and against the word of Christ as it may be, can yet affect the lives of others.

All of us are inclined to judge, sometimes in a thoughtless moment, and again when resentment against some supposed evil wells up and flows forth in a torrent of words.

We do not seem to realize that we are sinning more than sinned against, or that the victim of our judgment perhaps has not realized to what ex-

tent his action has been misconstrued, and therefore has not sought to rectify the misconstruction put upon it.

If instead of judgment we would use a little kindness and forgiveness there would be fewer faults to judge.

The more one seeks to perfect oneself the less will one see the faults in others, having found in ourselves so many hidden forces for evil. If each one of us would look into our shortcomings, there would be very little time to find the flaws in others.

Even among this little world of girls here in our own College, there have been those who have been judged, and very unjustly too.

If the word "Love" meant to all of us what it should, and held all the big beautiful thoughts about one another, that God meant it to hold, there would be no judgment or condemnation, because Christ said to love one another, and with a pure, unselfish love, the power to judge unkindly has no place.

We realize that Christians even are not exempt from unfair judgment by people who do not understand.

Even the Father, God, was so terribly misunderstood by His children that He sent Jesus Christ, his son, in order that they might, through him, learn to understand the one God better.

But Jesus had also the sad experience of being cruelly misjudged, and in his most bitter hour, in the garden of Gethsemane, he was left alone, without one friend to sympathize, and yet in His last moments of agony on the cruel cross He found it easy to say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

When an angry impulse or some resentment springs up in our hearts and seeks to revenge itself on the provoker of that passion, let us stop and think of Christ's words:

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you; do ye even so to them."

Alice Butler.

SELFISHNESS.

I have chosen "Selfishness" for my topic to-night because I think of all the evil tendencies which we have to contend with individually, it is one of the strongest. In each little act one is so apt to consider himself first. All selfishness is not the outcome of a pampered life, but more often thoughtlessness for the comfort and pleasure of those about us. It seems natural that each one should consider himself or herself first, because to ourselves we seem a very important factor in the evolution of things. We cannot seem to realize that there are thousands to be considered besides ourselves. So much misery and annoyance could be prevented if, instead of plunging ahead into our own idea of things and working entirely for our own ends, we would stop and consider if perhaps someone might not be made unhappy or forced into some embarrassing position. There are so many small acts of self-denial that would mean but little to most of us that help so much to smooth the way of those less fortunate. A helping hand given to our neighbor perhaps might mean the renewing of hope. To us there might seem no gratitude for our effort, but we must remember, that having been unselfish in the act, we must also be unselfish in the thought, and therefore expect nothing.

There comes a time in the life of each one of us when some of our family or one of our friends has been called away to the Great Beyond. Then we feel how often we might have helped to make life sweeter for them. And then, again, sometimes the big, true unselfish part of us only awakens when the sufferings of others forces itself too strongly upon us to be ignored. and then we give a helping hand and feel very virtuous about it; but what really counts in our every day life.

Christ's life was an ideal of unselfishness. He lived entirely for others. And what gratitude was there to re-

pay Him for His supreme act of unselfishness on earth when He died on the cross at Calvary that we might be saved.

Selfishness can take so many forms that it is difficult to put it clearly, but I think if we all remember what Christ said and try to live up to it we cannot be very selfish or go far astray in the way He meant us to think of our fellowmen when he spoke these words: "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so unto them."

LILLIAN FOLICK

Y. W. C. A. CONCERT.

On Friday night, the 8th of May, the Y. W. C. A. gave a concert to emphasize the need of money and lives in the foreign mission field.

The opening scene displays a young society woman, interested only in social affairs, and very much bored by the sad tales she hears of the women in far-off countries. Sleep, however, comes to her, and she dreams of a procession of miserable, wretched women, who, each in turn, implore her for help.

The cast of characters was as follows:—

The Dreamer—Cathlyne Darch.
 Woman of Mexico—Marie Valentine.
 Mohammedan Woman — Josephine Greenway.
 Woman of China—Grace Haig.
 Woman of Africa—Ethel Terry.
 Woman of India—Constance Kilborn.
 Widow of India—Katherine Breithaupt.
 Child-widow of India—Gertrude Janson.
 Woman of Korea—Cora Kilborn.
 Woman of Japan—Georgina Smith.
 Conscience—Claribel Hicks.

When they have filed past her with reproachful looks, Conscience steps forward and makes her appeal, so affecting the dreamer that she dedicates her life to Christ's service and vows

that she will do her best to save her foreign sisters.

Some very pleasing musical numbers were rendered by Marjory Garlock and

Marguerite Homuth, and a duet was sung by Alice Butler and Mabel Sharpe, making the evening's entertainment very enjoyable, as well as a profitable one.

Music

"ENJOYMENT OF MUSIC."

Music has been defined as "the language of the emotions," a description of its properties which fits the art better than to term it the "language of sound" and thus class it, as did Dr. Samuel Johnson, among "the least disagreeable of noises."

The sensations produced by hearing and performing music should be pleasurable ones, few will deny. The enjoyment which music-making gives, varies, however, with the kind of music rendered, as with the temperament, education and natural gifts of individuals. The reputation of a nation's musical ability depends upon the faculties for gratification either in rendering or listening to music; so my point, the enjoyment of music, demands consideration from a hearer's as well as a performer's point of view.

If audiences wore their hearts upon their sleeves it would be interesting to collect statistics recording the genuine feelings produced by concerts and all description of musical performances. Upon reading accounts of Grand Opera during the season at the opera house, one is disposed to believe that music is a mere back-ground for the assemblage of wealth, the display of diamonds and quite incidentally the appearance of a famous star.

If the performance of music should make for universal enjoyment, how can many musical programmes which confessedly appeal but to a few be made generally acceptable? The question how can music become as widely ac-

ceptable as is, say fiction? It is scarcely fair for "advanced" musicians to assume the attitude of priests and forbid all but the elect minority to enter the inner sanctuary of exalted appreciation. The taste for classical music is an acquired one, just as fondness for viands is brought about by circumstances and conditions of life.

The charm of music in one's home circle depends, no doubt, on the members composing that circle—on their individual temperaments and abilities. Surroundings have unquestionably much to do with the enjoyment of music. Possibly the keenest delight of all is felt by one who, brought up in unmusical environments gradually makes for himself an atmosphere of sweet sounds, eventually drawing others into the same enchantment. The greatest musical enthusiasts appear to come from that class; which having encountered many obstacles in winning a position in the world of music, can enter into, and feel for, the difficulties in the way of struggling musicians.

Rich indeed are they who have learned to get happiness out of music, how to appreciate the poetry and sentiment of song, and to understand and enjoy the beauty, the grandeur and simplicity of its great and impassioned masterpieces.

Music enriches the mind, purifies the soul, expands the affections, softens the heartaches, stimulates the imagination, and leads to a higher and nobler conception of life and its surroundings. The marvelous influence of music upon civilization has been felt by

all nations. Music is a refreshing spring by the wayside of life from which we may all draw pleasure, enjoyment and permanent benefit.

I will close with the very old and familiar words :

"Music hath charms to soothe
the savage breast,
To soften rock and bend the
knotted oak."

FLORENCE OBERHOLTZER.

PIANO RECITAL

by pupils of Mr. G. D. Atkinson, in the music hall, Conservatory of Music, Tuesday evening, May 5, 1914.

Programme.

(a) Bach (organ solo) Fugue in G. Minor, (b) Wheeldon (organ solo) Canzona—(a) Mr. Percy C. Blackmore.

Schumann, Vienna Carnival Scenes, op. 26, Allegro—Miss Jessie E. Drummer.

(a) MacDowell, To a Water Lily, (b) Schytte, La Nuit—Miss Violet Keeler.

Sullivan, "And God shall wipe away all tears (Light of the World)— (b) Miss Dorothy B. Shaver.

Morzkowski, Eu Automne, op. 26—Miss Beulah E. Avery.

Chaminade, Scherzo, op. 35, No. 1—Miss Alma L. Levett.

Grieg (violin and piano) Allegretto tranquillo, from Sonata in G. Major, op. 13—(c) Miss F. E. Carswell and Miss Florence M. Oberholtzer.

Chopin, Fantasie Impro ptu, op. 16—Miss Clela Heath.

Rosenbloom, Concert Etude in G. flat—Miss Jessie E. Drummer.

(a) Messager, Madame Chrysanthème
(b) Spross, Will o' the Wisp—(d) Miss Aileen Kemp.

Rubinstein, Staccato Etude, op. 23.2—Miss Mabel Sharpe.

Strauss-Schuetz, Concert Paraphrase on "Au der Schonew blauen Doran."—Miss Florence M. Oberholtzer.

(a) pupil of Mr. Atkinson.

(b) pupil of Mrs. J.W. Bradley.

(c) pupil of Mr. Frank E. Bradford.

(d) pupil of Miss H. Ethel Shepherd.

Miss Mabel Sharpe and Miss Clela Heath had the honor of playing at the above recital, and were a great credit to the College. Miss Florence Oberholtzer is an ex-pupil of the College. She showed much talent in her difficult number.

We extend to Mr. Atkinson our heartiest congratulations on the honor that has come to him in being elected President of the Toronto Chef Club.

Household Science

The Senior girls are busy with their meals at last. Friday, May 15, Miss Vina Pascoe was hostess for a day's meals for six people, total cost being \$1.50. The menu was as follows :

Breakfast :

Oranges	Milk and sugar
Cream of Wheat	Egg in buttered cup
Toast	Coffee

Dinner :

Tomato soup

Potato chips	Peas
Lemon snow	Sirloin steak
	Custard sauce
	Tea.

Supper :

Cheese Souffle	Bread and butter
	Mock Maple Syrup
Tea biscuit	Tea.

Tuesday, May 19th, Miss Winnifred Patterson was hostess for a day's meals, total cost being \$1.49. The menu was as follows :

	Breakfast :		Tea	Cream and sugar
Oranges		Milk and sugar		
Cream of wheat	Toast		French Omelet	Buttered toast
Waffles	Coffee.	Maple syrup		Fruit salad
	Dinner :		Oatmeal macaroons	Tea.
Porterhouse steak				
French fried potatoes		Peas		
Lemon pie.				

The sewing girls are busy with their dresses, turning out truly marvelous creations. If anything goes wrong — if the results aren't perfect, it's the fault of the machines.



Oratory



"THE ONLY WAY."

Martin Harvey is one of the leading English actors of the present day. A week ago he appeared in Toronto for the second time before a crowded house in "The Only Way," a dramatization of Dickens' Tale of Two Cities.

The play follows Dickens' story closely, very few points of difference being noted. One of the chief of these is a prolog which is a great advantage in a play with such a complicated plot. This prolog explains why Defarge hates the Marquis of Evremonde and why Dr. Manette is sent to prison—two points that are important in understanding the play and which Dickens brings out later in his story. Miss Pross, who in the story killed Mme Defarge, does not appear on the stage, and Mme Defarge herself is of little importance.

The Court scene is one of the strong scenes of the play. It gives a vivid picture of the spirit of the revolution among the masses in their hatred for the aristocrats, and in showing how a victim was entirely at the mercy of the mob, and how this mob could be

swayed by the slightest appeal to the feelings.

Martin Harvey played the part of Carton, the hero.

SENIOR ELOCUTION.

It may be of interest to all those who do not know to learn that the Senior class in dramatic art expects to reproduce Twelfth Night, that brightest and sunniest of the three plays of Shakespeare's golden prime of comedy. The girls are working very hard to make the play a "howling success," and they trust that the girls of the College will give their loyal support and feel well repaid in doing so after seeing the results on June the 15th.

A most creditable gymnastic display was given in the gymnasium on May 2nd. The programme was as follows :

1. Free-standing Exercises.
2. Games—(a) Circle Game for children, (b) Shuttle relay race.
3. Physical Culture Drill.
4. Essay—"Physical Culture."
5. Dumb Bell drill.
6. Apparatus Work—Parallel Bars, Horse, Rings, Ladder, Horizontal Bar, Chest Weights.

7. Folk Dances—(a) Sweedish Clap Dance, (b) Reap The Flax.
 8. Marching.

Honorable Mention.

(Regularity in attendance and Precision in Movement).

Morning Class —Cathlyne Darch,

Ruth Day, Olive Holliday, Leta Le Gear, Catharine McCormick, Gertrude Relyea, Mary Valentine, Canada Whiteside.

Afternoon Class—Ethel Hare, Ada Jacques, Constance Kilborn, Cora Kilborn Mabel Sharpe, Canada Whiteside.

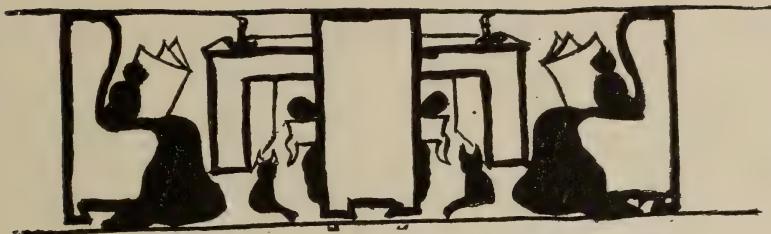
Athletics

The beautiful May weather which Spring is bringing to us, has also brought tennis close in its train. As the grass grew greener and the ground drier, all hailed with delight the appearance of the first line chalk and net. The girls have searched out racquets and balls with the greatest enthusiasm, and now are busily engaged playing off the tournaments, both doubles and singles. The former is nearer completion, and guesses are flying as to the final winners. Some of the money obtained from the special basket-ball games, played recently, is to be expended in prizes, while the rest goes towards the price of the splendid new basket-ball, lately introduced into the gymnasium. "As hard as a rock" and "some bouncer" are the general exclamations concerning it. Before the end of the year the coveted silver cup will be awarded to the victorious team which now seems likely to be "Betty's" or "Jean's," with a fighting chance for some of the others. Outdoor baseball has also begun, and on the afternoon of May 16th, a good

game was played. The faculty had been invited to enter, which added special interest to the game. The teams, captained by Mabel Sharpe and Cora Kilborne, were as follows:—Mabel Sharpe, Elsie Scrimes, Miss Porte, Miss Gott, Dorothy Chambers, Betty Richmond, W. Holmes, on one side, and Cora Kilborn, Miss Weir, Miss K. Wright, Katherine Breithaupt, Dorothy Barrett, Winnie Mills, Grace Haig, F. Pennal on the other side. Both teams played well and hard, but Cora's carried off the victory with a score of 24-19.

We must not forget gardening, for this form of amusement well deserves the name of sport. Miss Taylor and Dr. Hare are both very anxious for the different classes to commence rival gardens in the spare strip to the side of the lawn. A good start has been made, but the girls are urged to tackle it in force and produce something worth while. It is splendid exercise, especially when the tennis courts are full.

CONSTANCE KILBORN.



Fireside Notes

We are all glad to have Marion Headland back with us again, and to know that holidaying did her so much good.

Owing to illness Jane MacFarlane was compelled to return home a short time after the Easter holidays. We are all so sorry that Jane will not be back this year, but are glad to know that she is feeling quite well again and hope that she may pay us a visit some time in the near future.

On Friday evening, May 8th, Myrtle James, while on her way to the Y.W.C.A. concert, slipped on the dining-room floor and broke her arm. The girls all sympathize with Myrtle, and hope for a speedy recovery. A little bird tells us that she may not be with us any more than two weeks longer, but we all hope that she will decide to stay until Commencement.

Edna Grant spent the week-end of May 15th very pleasantly in Berlin, the guest of Miss Edna Breithaupt.

Marion Williams and Louise Gordon spent the week-end of May 8th, at the former's home in Toronto.

Rita Tew spent a very pleasant week-end of May 15th at her home in Toronto.

While making candy in the Domestic Science kitchen on Friday evening, May 8th, Mary Score burnt her hand with the boiling candy. Mary had to go around with her arm in a sling for a while, but we are glad to know that her hand is almost quite well again.

Mary Valentine was pleasantly surprised the other evening by a short visit from her father.

Miss Daisy Brownell was the guest of Greta White for the week-end of May 1st. The old girls were all delighted to have her back again, and the new girls, who were fortunate enough to meet her, hope that she will pay us a visit soon again.

Everyone was delighted to see Miss Rowland back at O.L.C. again, even if it was only for a day. She was the guest of Miss Findlay.

The Trafalgar Daughters of the town, the Seniors and granddaughters of the College, were entertained by Mrs. W. J. H. Richardson on Friday evening, May 15th, and had a very pleasant evening indeed.

The new tea-room down town is of special interest to we College girls. With Miss Taylor's permission we are to be all allowed to patronize it, provided a teacher accompanies us. Already a number of little parties have spent a pleasant hour there.

Gladys Hart was home for a few days, but is back again, and feeling much better for her little holiday.

On Friday afternoon, May 15th, a few of Jean MacLellan's friends, chaperoned by Mrs. McPhadyen, gave her a little surprise party at the new tea rooms. A very pleasant time was spent. Many happy returns of May 16, Jean.

Now that the lovely spring days are

VOX COLLEGII

here, the girls are taking advantage of them by taking their work out on the grounds or else indulging in tennis. Truly this is the best term.

On Friday afternoon, May 15th, the girls in the May Pole Drill, the Y. W. C. A. cabinet and the Vox staff were photographed by the "Camera man." Dr. Hare also took a snap of each, and some of the girls who were fortunate enough to have their cameras with them, obtained snaps of Dr. Hare and Miss Taylor.

Miss K. Wright's pupils spent Saturday afternoon, May 9th, very pleasantly indeed. Miss Wright took them to the woods where they gathered wild flowers, took pictures, etc., and then on their way back to the College they had refreshments. They returned to the College loud in their praises of the splendid time and of Miss Wright.

Miss Taylor chaperoned the English Church division to a bazaar held by the Anglican church on Thursday, May 14th. A very pleasant time was spent by all.

Winnifred Symington and Hazel Collins spent a very pleasant week-end in Toronto, May 2nd.

Miss Shirley Glendon, of Toronto, was the guest of Miss Marion Boyd over the week-end. The girls on "Main" greatly enjoyed Miss Glendon's visit.

Miss Vivian Rowse, of Toronto, a 1912 graduate in M.E.L. from Whitby, was the guest of Helen Goforth. The few "old timers" who were here in

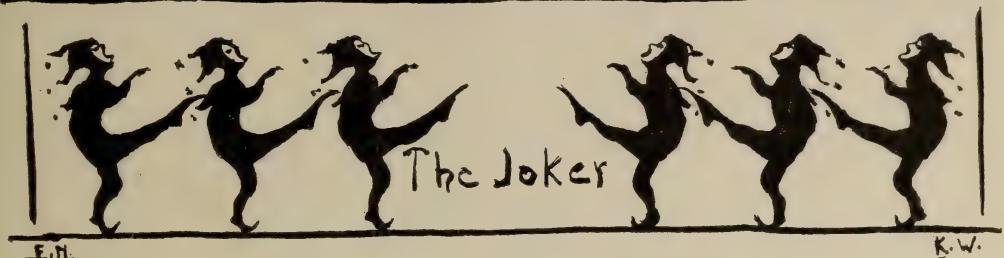
1912, were very glad to welcome Vivian back for a few days.

The girls are waxing enthusiastic over the flower beds, and can be seen digging and planting and watering, decked out in huge gingham aprons, sun-bonnet and gardening gloves. Miss Bingham has set the example to the others, and the results of her labors are wonderful to behold. At first we were inclined to smile at the mysterious piles of earth which reminded us of the mound builders, but the last day or two has worked wonders, and the garden soon promises to be a thing of beauty.

MY GARDEN.

I planted many seeds one day
And then I had to go away
To make a visit, so I said :
"Oh, who will tend my garden bed?"
The sun said : "I will tend it,
My warmest rays I'll send it,
And when you come back home at last
You'll find the garden sprouting fast."
The cloud said : "I will tend it,
My gentlest showers I'll send it,
And when you come back home again
You'll see how flowers love the rain."
The toad said : "I will tend it,
By night and day defend it,
No single bug or worm you'll see
If you will trust its care to me."
When I came home my garden bed
Was just as good as they had said,
And all my flowers were bright and
green.
The finest garden ever seen.

--Selected.



The other day Miss Gordon asked her Senior Science girls to draw on their general knowledge and write about the clam. C. K., one of the bright members of the class, handed in this enlightening description:

"Clams are clams. If you don't know what they are, an admirable undertaking for all enterprising individuals would be to peruse the contents of Zoology, by Colton. Colton is a very illustrious man. If you wish to prove it look up the autobiographical sketch of his life, and his unparalleled career will explode with startling vividness before your eyes. Indeed, I presume by excellent authority that Colton is quite capable of portraying the incomprehensibilities of the said clam. Now if you don't know anything about the clam you ought to be taken out and shot for an insane idiot."

FAVORITE HYMNS.

Dentist's—"Change and decay, in all around I see."

Automobilist's—"Oft in danger, oft in woe."

Millionaire's—"Ten thousand times ten thousand."

Bookkeeper's—"A charge to keep I have."

Divorce Lawyer's—"Blest be the tie that binds."

Hypnotist's—"Art thou weary, art thou languid?"

Pugilist's—"Fight the good fight."

Engaged Girl—"Shout the glad tidings."

O. L. C. Student—"Prisoners of hope

arise," or "where shall rest be found."

What is the best thing to do in a hurry?

Nothing.

Hope.—Why don't they collect fares from policemen on the electrics?

Edna—Because you can't take a nickel from a copper.

What belongs to yourself, but is used more by your friends than yourself?

Your name.

Gertrude I.—Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?

Reta.—Yes, your head.

(Taken from real life).

Mary M.—What noise was that I heard last night in the next bed to mine?

Ruth D.—That was me falling asleep.

Why is a minister like a brakeman?

Because he does a good bit of coupling.

When is a farmer cruel to his corn?

When he pulls its ears.

Joe G.—What can you say of your ancestors?

Marion B.—Why, I can trace my ancestors as far back as the flood.

Joe G.—That's nothing to brag about, everybody was in the swim then.

A doctor was hurt very badly by a well caving in on him. He should have attended to the sick and let the well alone.

Why are some girls like an old musket?

Use lots of powder, but won't go off.

How do you know that Carson was acquainted with the Irish?

When he crossed the Rhine, he came back to bridg-it.

Mr. A. is the meanest man I ever saw; if he was sailing on an ocean

of cologne he would not give you a s-cent. Just before he died he willed his body to a medical college to save funeral expenses. Well, he gave himself dead away.

Why does Miss Porte need medical attendance when playing tennis?

Doc. is always at the window watching while she plays.

Trafalgar Daughters

PIANO RECITAL

by Miss Grace Clough, assisted by Miss Marguerite Homuth, vocalist, in the College concert hall, May 18, at 8 o'clock p.m. Proceeds in aid of Trafalgar Daughters' Fund. The following is the program:

1. Piano—"Moonlight Sonata," (Beethoven).

2. Vocal—(a) "Thou art so like a Flower" (G.W. Chadwick), (b) "Flower Rain" (Robt. Loveman).

3. Piano—Prelude in C major, Etude in G major, Etude in G flat, Prelude in E flat, Scherzo in B flat minor (Chopin).

4. Vocal—"Song for June" (Wm. S. Johnson).

5. Piano (a) "Nocturne" (In Boccaccio's Villa) (Nevin), (b) "Intermezzo en Octaven" (Leschetizky).

6. Vocal—"The Beautiful Land of Nod" (E. Greene).

7. Piano—"Faust Valse" (Gounod-Liszt).

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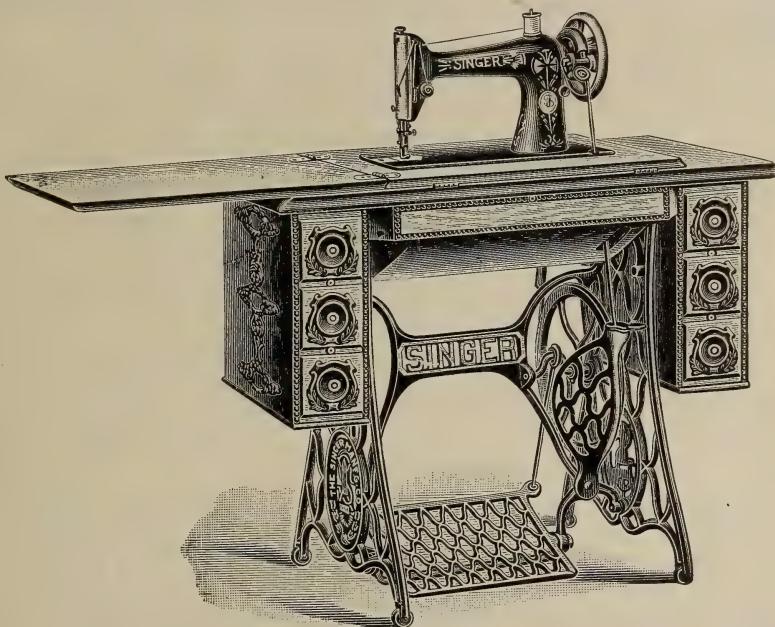
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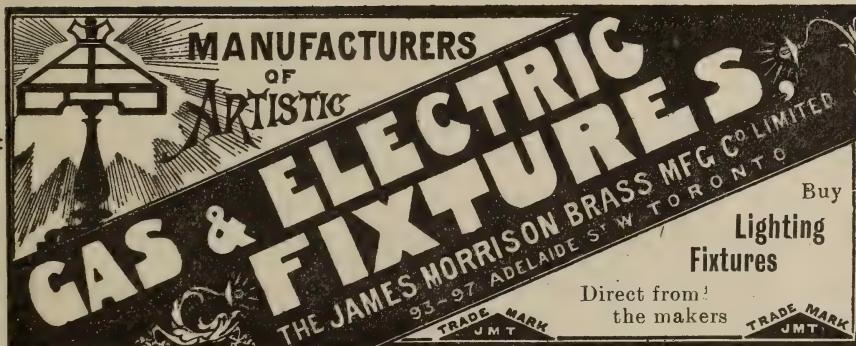
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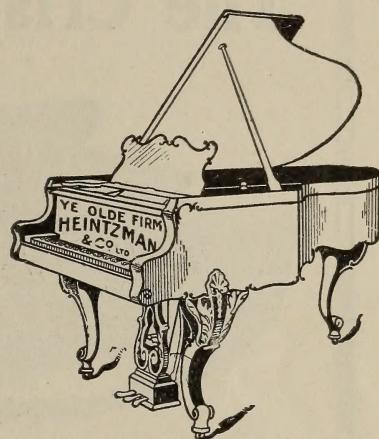
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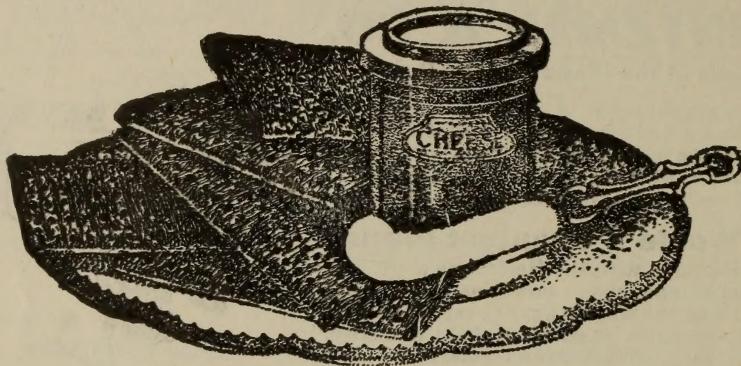
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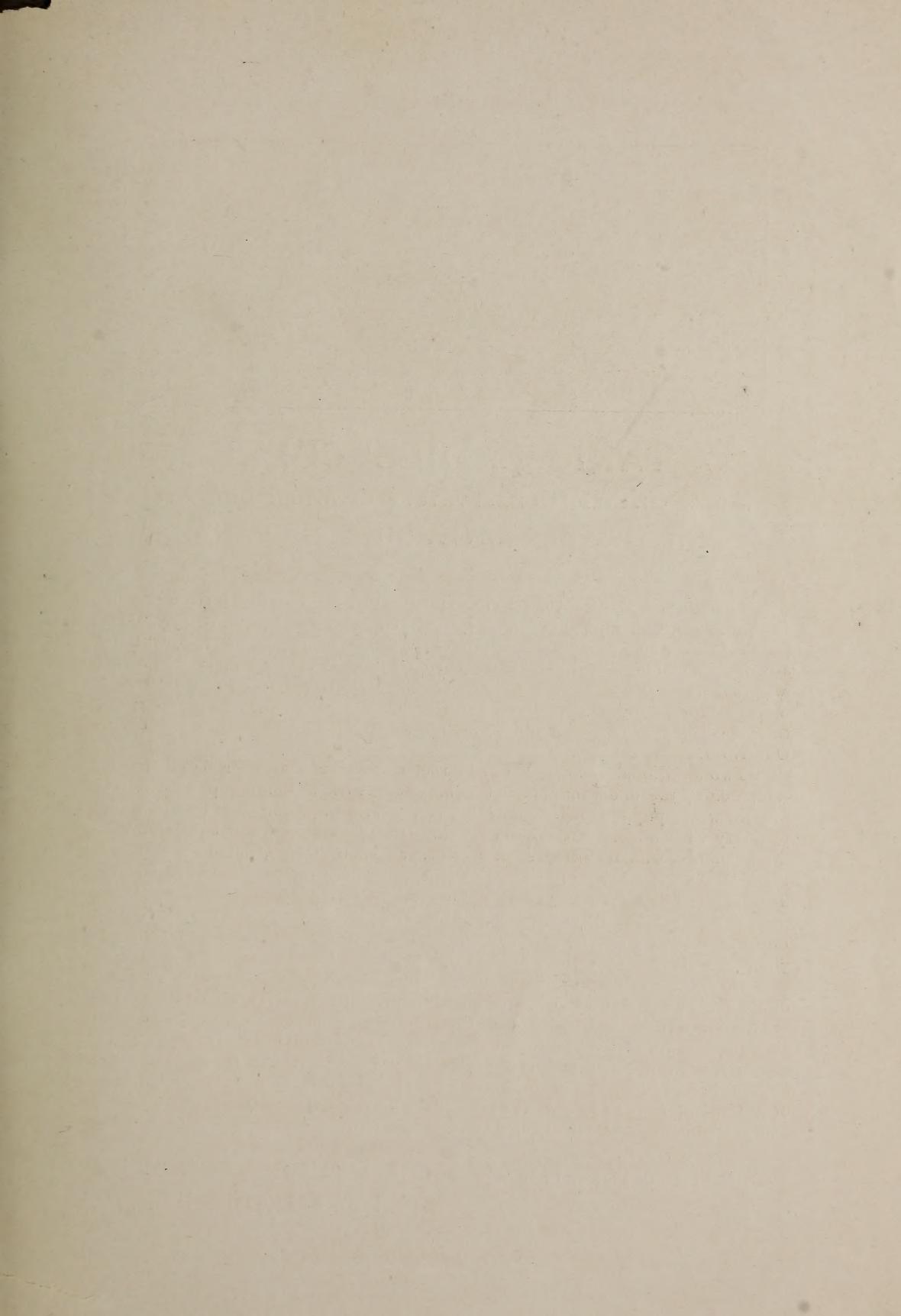
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